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Daily Mirror

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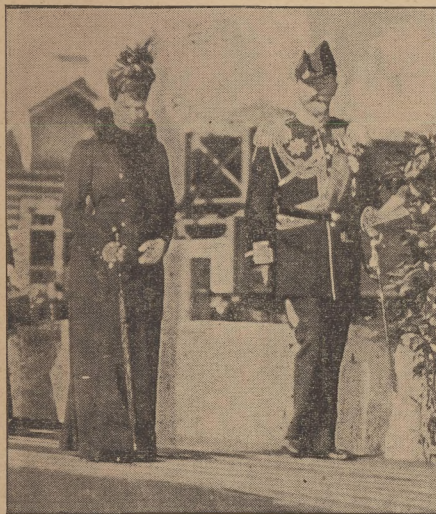
No. 313.

Registered at the G. P. O.
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY.



A unique snapshot of Admiral Rojestvensky and the Dowager-Empress of Russia proceeding to a naval function at Reval.

THE MIKADO'S BIRTHDAY.



To-day the Emperor of Japan, who is seen in the above photograph with the Empress and two of his family, celebrates his birthday. He is fifty-two.

THE HAUNTED RECTORY.



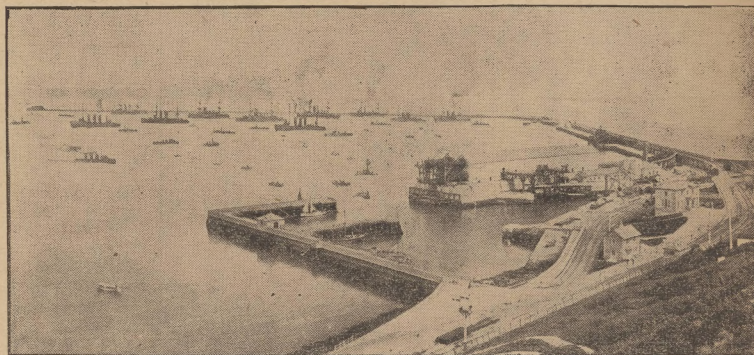
The rectory at the village of Cheadle, in Cheshire, which is said to be haunted and visited by the spirit of the Abbess of Godstow on Hallowe'en.

FATAL FIRE YESTERDAY.



After the fire yesterday at the drapery establishment in the Westminster Bridge-road. The + indicates the bed on which the young nursemaid was sleeping when suffocated.

ACTIVITY OF BRITISH WARSHIPS IN HOME WATERS.



Some of the warships of the Home Fleet lying near the breakwater at Portland. The whole of the squadron has now arrived in port.

THE FIRST ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SIEGE TO ARRIVE FROM PORT ARTHUR.



The effect of a Japanese shell on a Russian storehouse in Port Arthur during the bombardment.



A Russian garrison battery about to open fire on the Japanese at Port Arthur.



One of the Russian siege guns, with some officers of the battery, on the fortifications of Port Arthur.

"WITHOUT WARNING OR PROVOCATION."

Hull Jury's Straightforward
Verdict on Russia's
Victims.

TORPEDO STORY DENIED.

Witnesses Smile at the Admiral's
Suggestion.

WAR SCARE OVER.

Russian Embassy Issues a Re-
assuring Statement.

The uneasiness felt on Tuesday had considerably decreased by yesterday morning, in consequence of the official statement issued by the Government.

This was yesterday supplemented by the following communication from the Russian Embassy:—

"Nothing has occurred in the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia to raise fears of a new crisis. The two Governments are studying and elaborating details of the International Commission of Inquiry. The question of principle having been settled, the whole trend of the present negotiations and the communications between the Embassy and the Foreign Office is directed towards a settlement of these details."

At midday a Cabinet meeting was held, which lasted for an hour and a half.

Lord Lansdowne held two conferences with the Russian Ambassador, and also received a visit from M. Cambon, the French Ambassador.

In the afternoon Lord Lansdowne held his usual Wednesday afternoon reception, at which both the Russian and French Ambassadors were present.

It was stated at the Foreign Office yesterday evening that no official announcement regarding the International Commission could yet be made.

The negotiations in connection with the proposed convention are stated on authority to be still proceeding smoothly between St. Petersburg and London.

At Gibraltar yesterday the naval and military activity subsided as quickly as it arose on Tuesday.

DRAMATIC INQUEST STORY.

How the Russian Vessels Loomed in
Sight and Fired.

The inquest on the bodies of George Smith, captain, and William Leggott, third hand, of the trawler Crane, the victims of the North Sea outrage, was resumed yesterday at Hull.

Colonel Thorneycroft, the borough coroner, presided. Earl Desart, Mr. Acland, K.C., and Mr. Wills represented the Crown, and Mr. Jackson appeared for the owners of the vessel.

The Russian Government was not represented. The medical officers of health, Dr. Mason and Dr. Parkyn, who made the post-mortem, were the first witnesses, and described the injuries of deceased. The former stated that the injuries were quite consistent with having been caused by gunshots.

RUSSIAN SHELLS IDENTIFIED.

Captain Thompson, Chief Inspector of Explosives, said he was convinced Russian shells had been used. A dramatic story of the attack was told by Captain Gilliard, of the steam trawler Snipe.

The weather was clear, and the vessels were peacefully fishing on the starboard tack, when five men-of-war loomed in sight from the north-east. They came so close that he could have shouted to them, in fact, the Snipe had to port her helm to avoid being run down.

The first had a big flare light on her foremast, the rest ordinary steaming lights. They passed quietly, and then a second lot of warships came up on the starboard side, half a mile away.

The first squadron did not take the fishing vessels for torpedo-boats or fire upon them, but the second, after throwing their searchlights over them, began blazing at his vessel.

The Snipe was thus between the two sections of the fleet, then a mile to a mile and a half apart. One shell hit his vessel, passed through on to the deck, and burst.

During the time firing was going on—twenty minutes to half an hour—shells whistled through the air over his vessel and fell into the sea.

Skipper Gilliard, questioned as to whether he had seen any torpedo-boats, British or foreign, replied distinctly in the negative. He had been out fishing four or five weeks and had not seen one. Trawlers, he added with a smile, were of a distinctive type, and could not be mistaken for anything else, much less torpedo-boats.

At the conclusion of the witnesses' evidence the

Very variable, light breezes; today (or) To-Day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 5.27 p.m. Sea passages gloomy and damp; rather mild.) will be smooth generally.

coroner asked whether any of the trawlers were armed.

The witness replied that none were armed. The next witness was Frank Hartfield, the mate of the Snipe, who stated that his vessel was struck nine times.

ONLY 200 YARDS AWAY.

James Hames, the skipper of the Moulmein, said four warships came down on them in a line. The first signalled to the three following, and then the quartet opened fire. They were only 200 yards away.

He went down below because he thought he might as well be shot in his bunk as on deck. Shells and bullets ploughed the sea all round them, raising large waves. Green lights were flared to warn the warships, but the firing continued.

As William Smith, son of the skipper of the Crane, jumped from his bunk a shot crashed through the fore-castle, smashing the lamp and grazing his head. Rushing on deck, he found all the crew lying about bleeding from injuries.

George Green, skipper of the Gull, said one warship fired at the trawlers when only seventy yards away. He could hear the machine-guns going.

At the invitation of the coroner, Mr. Acland then addressed the jury. They should adopt a verdict recording the facts, but not one upon which people could say they had prejudiced the case, when there was ample opportunity for the case to be heard on both sides before an International Commission of Inquiry.

MR. ACLAND'S ADVICE.

He suggested a verdict to the effect that the men were killed by shot fired without warning from certain war vessels.

The coroner said that the jury would act wisely in giving Mr. Acland's suggestion careful consideration.

If they did adopt it, it suggested that the shots were fired without warning and without provocation.

The jury returned the following verdict:—

"That George Henry Smith and William Leggott were at about 12.30 a.m. on October 22, while out fishing with trawls on board the British steam trawler Crane, with Board of Trade marks exhibited and regulation lights burning, killed by shots, fired without warning or provocation from certain Russian war vessels, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile."

The jury added the following rider: "On this occasion, probably one of the most momentous in the annals of the British Empire, the jury would record their appreciation of the efforts made by the Governments interested to arrive at a decision and satisfactory conclusion of the matter, which we feel has in the history of the world had no parallel."

The jury expressed their deepest sympathy with the relatives of the deceased and also with the injured.

The Board of Trade inquiry at Hull is not expected to begin until next Wednesday.

The "Novoe Vremya" states that Russia has indemnified the German fishermen whose boat was fired on by the Baltic Fleet for the loss of their gear and for the delay they suffered.

The hospital steamer Alpha has been placed in dry dock and examined in the presence of a Board of Trade surveyor. Shell-marks were discovered on the hull, and it is probable that further damage will be revealed.

ALL QUIET AT THE ROCK.

Admiral Rojestvensky Expected at
Tangier To-day.

GIBRALTAR, Wednesday.—The mobilisation of the troops and fleets, which was a partial one, ended this afternoon.

It is believed that Admiral Rojestvensky will arrive at Tangier early to-morrow with his squadron.

H. M. battleship Illustrious will sail to-morrow for Tetuan waters, and will remain there for a week at gun practice.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL INTERVIEWED.

Repeats His Story of Japanese
Torpedo-boats.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—The "Journal" publishes an account of the leaving of Vigo by the Russian fleet and an interview which its representative had with Admiral Rojestvensky.

"I am sure," the Admiral said, "that two Japanese torpedo-boats were at Hull among the fishing-boats. One was sunk at the opening of the firing. As for the other, it received important damages."

"The squadron did not stop after having fired, and certainly I did not leave a cruiser upon the spot and in the presence of merely a damaged torpedo-boat. That would have been dangerous, and even absolutely ridiculous."

ROBBING THE RUSSIANS.

Raiders Capture Over £200,000
Worth of Skins.

CHEAP FURS FOR LONDON.

Immense success has attended the raids on the Russian fishing stations in Kamtschatka and the other seal rookeries in the neighbouring islands.

The raiding schooners left Hakodate and other parts of Northern Japan in May and June, and are now returning deeply-laden, their scuppers awash, with cargoes of furs and fish valued at £280,000.

It was only at the cost of many lives and after severe fighting that the raiders succeeded in making their extensive hauls.

Three of the vessels which raided Kamtschatka were attacked by about 100 Russians, and captured after a three days' fight, half of the crews being killed and the remainder made prisoners.

Seven other ships, manned by over 250 men, were also attacked by the Russians, who were dispersed after a fierce engagement, in which about fifty men were killed.

CAPTURED 10,000 SKINS.

Seven vessels landed crews on Robben Island, south-east of St. Paul, and, finding it unprotected, secured over 10,000 sealskins. Commander Island was attacked by twenty Japanese, eight British, and one Mexican vessel, and great damage was wrought to the rookeries.

On Copper Island the Japanese and Mexican raiders were assailed by Russians and natives, and driven off, a dozen being killed and three captured, these being afterwards shot. Fourteen Russians were slain.

Early in August the British warship Algerine arrived off the islands and warned all the vessels found there that no hunting would be permitted inside the three-mile limit.

A band of adventurers which entered the harbour in a chartered steamer mistook the Algerine for a Russian warship, and hastily decamped.

All the captured furs have been dispatched to London, where the market will be more crowded than for many years past.

It is anticipated that prices will rule high for several years, as the rookeries in many instances have been practically destroyed by the raiders, damage having been done to the extent of millions of pounds.

CADETS PREPARE FOR WAR.

Training Ship Aurora's Exciting Voyage
from Las Palmas.

The cadets on the training ship H.M.S. Aurora arrived at Plymouth yesterday after an exciting voyage from Las Palmas.

At Las Palmas it was stated that hostilities had broken out between Great Britain and Russia, so the decks of the Aurora were cleared for action and remained so all the way home to Plymouth.

Great excitement prevailed on board, the searchlights being regularly worked at night, whilst all the guns were loaded, and projectiles placed in position at the mouth of the ammunition hoists.

The Aurora steamed home at a speed of fourteen knots, and on arrival at Plymouth the crew was surprised to find that there was no war.

The Aurora is attached to H.M.S. Britannia.

GREAT MANCHESTER FIRE.

£150,000 Damage Done by an
Immense Conflagration.

Two huge warehouses were completely gutted by fire in Manchester yesterday afternoon, and within two hours damage to goods and property to the extent of £150,000 was done.

The traffic in Market-street, which is the busiest thoroughfare in the city, was completely suspended, and thousands of people from the warehouses adjoining were in the vicinity watching the progress of the flames.

On the top of the neighbouring warehouses, commanding a view of the fire, hundreds of workmen and workwomen also collected to see the sight.

The premises destroyed were occupied by Messrs. Kenyon and Co., bleachers, and the Birmingham Rubber Company.

The owners of the Allanton deny that the vessel has been sold to Russia for use as a cruiser.

Captain Plado, one of the detained Russian officers, is a well-known writer on naval tactics.

Tens of thousands of people gathered at Hull Station to greet Sir H. Seymour King. The welcome accorded him was a most enthusiastic one.

Admiral Kaznakoff has been nominated as Russian delegate in the North Sea incident inquiry. The officers implicated have been ordered to await him in Paris.

CLOSING ON PORT ARTHUR.

Garrison Terribly Reduced
by the Persistent Attack.

JAPANESE SELF-DENIAL.

Sacrifices Made in All Ranks of
Society.

There is a general consensus of opinion, even at St. Petersburg, that the fall of Port Arthur cannot much longer be delayed.

The confidence of Japan is proved by the issue of the first official report of operations against the fortress. It is one long record of successes gained.

The report is also eloquent of the magnitude of the operations necessary to effect an entrance into this remarkable stronghold.

The elasticity of Japanese finances is shown by a long Reuter message.

Exports as well as imports show considerable increase. This proves that the Japanese people are neither losing their hearts nor their heads, but are putting their backs into the work of providing the money necessary for the war. It is characteristic of the feeling of the people that self-imposed economies are being practised by all classes, from the Emperor downwards.

ONLY 7,000 DEFENDERS.

Terrible Losses Sustained by Port
Arthur's Garrison.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" telegraphs that a telegram from Chifu represents the situation at Port Arthur as absolutely critical.

The garrison is reduced to 7,000 combatants. The Japanese still have more than 50,000 soldiers around the fortress, notwithstanding the troops detached and sent up to reinforce Marshal Oyama.

Nearly all the buildings in the besieged town have been demolished. The number of sick and wounded is considerable, and the lack of drinking water is causing terrible suffering.

DESPONDENCY IN ST. PETERSBURG.

PARIS, Wednesday.—In military circles in St. Petersburg the opinion is freely expressed that Port Arthur will shortly fall, terrible news having been received in the Russian capital with respect to the besieged fortress. Since last Saturday, it is stated, the fighting has been continuous, and the losses on both sides enormous.—Exchange.

MR. BALFOUR'S ILLNESS.

Not Serious, but Complete Rest
Necessary at Present.

The official bulletin issued yesterday afternoon with regard to Mr. Balfour's health is entirely reassuring.

Its wording is as follows:—"Mr. Balfour is suffering from blocking of a small superficial vein in his left leg, which requires complete rest. His general condition is excellent."

Mr. Balfour's complaint is fortunately not serious, though it might easily become so if he did not rest. A small piece of vein has become inflamed. If it were allowed to get worse the disease known as phlebitis would follow; a clot of blood might form, and, if this reached any vital spot, the consequence would be instant death.

Probably he will only have to rest for a few days. His case at present is not so serious as was that of his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, some little time ago; he had to stay indoors for many weeks on account of the same thing.

It would be better that the Prime Minister should avoid worry and work, but this is impossible at such a critical moment.

BUFFALO BILL HUNTING ROBBERS.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—A message from Cody (Wyoming) says that an attempt was made there to rob the bank, and that the cashier was killed during the struggle.

Buffalo Bill and his party of titled Englishmen have started in pursuit of the robbers.—Lafan.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

HIGHLAND WEDDING.

Marriage of Mr. Bradley-Martin in Inverness.

DAZZLING EXTRAVAGANCE.

American Wealth Spent on a "Simple" Ceremony.

An event of supreme importance to Inverness-shire was the marriage yesterday, at Kiltarlitz parish church, of Mr. Bradley-Martin, jun., son of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, of Newport, U.S.A., to the beautiful Miss Helen Phipps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Phipps, of New York.

The parents of the bride have for some time rented Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, the charming Highland home of Lord Lovat.

By reason of this coincidence the tenants about the estate and Invernessians generally regarded the event as a Highland wedding.

The ceremony was the occasion of a dazzling display of wealth. The flowers alone cost £1,500, the bride's dress was worth £2,000, and her ornaments must have cost five times that sum.

As for the groom, he wore a Highland dress, the jewels on which were worth £8,000. The presents received by the happy pair must have represented a value of £500,000.

From end to end of the far-reaching county people flocked to Beaufort Castle, with the twofold object of according to the happy couple an expression of their good wishes and at the same time making a merry Highland holiday for themselves.

The Archdeacon of London performed the marriage ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Herbert Jones; and among the wedding guests who travelled north from London was Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. There were large house parties from Beaufort Castle and Balmacraich.

The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Henry Phipps.

An American Custom.

There were no bridesmaids, according to the American custom. The bride was attended by a "maid of honour," in the person of her sister, Miss Amy Phipps, who wore a costume of white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with lace and sable. She carried a bouquet of superb pink Malmaison carnations.

As the guests entered the "Kirk," several friends of the bride and bridegroom acted as "ushers," and Mr. Frederick T. Martin, the bridegroom's uncle, was best man.

At the married couple left the church hundreds of the country people stood to give them the orthodox Scottish send-off on their honeymoon by liberally besprinkling the wedding party with rice. The Scottish peasantry never use confetti on such occasions.

At many cottages, as the bridal pair drove back to Beaufort castle, the cottars threw an old shoe after their carriage, the emblem of good luck among the Inverness peasantry.

The honeymoon will be spent at the Earl and Countess of Craven's place, Combe Abbey, near Coventry, before leaving for Egypt.

STRONGER THAN TWO MOTORS.

Wonderful Feats of a Modern Samson Now in London.

Herr Georg Lettl, who appears at the London Hippodrome shortly, performs marvels of strength which would make Samson retire abashed.

He can lift an anchor with four men standing on it, the total weight being 1,500lb. He encircles his body with a strap and attaches it to the back of a 14 or 16 h.p. Leonard motor-car. The car is set running at top speed of thirty-five miles, and Lettl not only pulls against it and retards its progress, but drags it backwards by pure strength across the arena.

He also gets between two 8½-h.p. cars, which are turned back to back. They start off in opposite directions at full speed. By sheer finger strength he holds on to both from between, and they cannot move.

MR. HALL CAINE—ACTOR.

In view of the forthcoming production of a dramatic version of the early years of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," a copyright performance was given yesterday at the Grand Theatre, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Mr. Hall Caine himself took the part of the Prodigal, and the other roles were "played" by several of the author's friends and members of his family, including Mrs. Haslingden Russell, the daughter of the famous Tom Robertson, author of "Caste."

LADY CURZON.

How Prompt Removal Saved Her Life.

WALMER CASTLE UNHEALTHY.

While the nation has greatly rejoiced at the continued recovery of Lady Curzon from her dangerous malady, many persons have noted with wonder how her restoration practically dated from the time of her ladyship's removal from Walmer Castle to Walmer Place.

Our Dover correspondent states that Lady Curzon's removal was due to a discovery made by a medical man, well known in the public health service.

This gentleman was sent down from London by the King, to make a minute examination as to the sanitary condition of Walmer Castle. He soon discovered that a ventilating shaft of a drain discharged its effluvia close to the window of the room in which Lady Curzon lay.

An eminent medical man, seen yesterday, saw in this state of things an explanation of the rhapsodies which Lady Curzon suffered.

The drains of Walmer Castle, he said, have always caused great anxiety to incoming Lord Wardens. They have been overhauled several times, but there is apparently something still wrong.

He noted the curious fact that Lady Curzon herself was exceedingly nervous on the subject, and an enormous amount of work was expended upon that at her suggestion.

It will be remembered that Lady Curzon was removed from one room of the castle to another before she was finally taken to Walmer Place.

It is stated that Lord Curzon will leave England for India about the 25th inst.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW CARS.

Allegorical of Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

This year the Lord Mayor's Show will be distinguished by the inclusion of four allegorical cars of more than usual splendour and interest.

One will represent ancient Egypt, with two large Sphinxes in front, the statue of the god of the Nile under a canopy, and a group of priests celebrating the ceremony of the Adoration of the Nile.

The second car, symbolising ancient Greece, will contain a column decorated in bas relief and showing the nine muses supporting a chariot drawn by two steeds. A group representing the arts of ancient Greece will complete the trophy.

"Ancient Rome" will be the subject of the third car. The Column Rostrata will support a reproduction of an ancient statue of victory in the Naples Museum. Caesar and several Roman soldiers will be grouped around.

The fourth car will contain a figure of Britannia throned, and supported by two griffins, bearing the City arms; at her feet will crouch the British lion.

CENSORS OF AMUSEMENT.

Hippodrome and Palace Theatre Refused Liquor Licences.

The Licensing Sessions for places north of the Thames were held yesterday at Clerkenwell.

The application of the London Hippodrome for the removal of the restriction prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor was refused. A similar application on behalf of the Palace Theatre was dismissed.

A provisional music and dancing licence for the London Coliseum, which it is intended to open in December, was granted. The committee undertook to recommend that a dancing licence, in addition to the present music licence, should be granted to Prince's Skating Club.

Upon the management of Earl's Court Exhibition undertaking to remove certain microscope pictures bearing titles considered objectionable by the licensing committee, their stage-play licence was renewed.

SMALLEST WHEAT AREA ON RECORD.

Owing to the growing demand for land for railway and building purposes in Great Britain there is a total shrinkage of arable land in the past year of 189,530 acres.

The total decrease in the wheat area, amounting to 19 per cent., brings the acreage under this head to 1,375,284, which is the smallest area ever recorded.

In the present year the largest losses occur in Lincoln and in Essex, where 25,965 and 21,015 acres less are returned, or 16.4 and 20.9 per cent. of the respective wheat areas of these counties.

The Bishop of Rochester is to dedicate the new tower of Rochester Cathedral on the 30th inst., when also the 1,300th anniversary of the foundation of the See will be kept.

IN SAVAGE IRELAND.

Peasants Flee on Seeing a White Man.

In connection with the sale by Mr. Justice Ross, the Irish land Judge, of encumbered Irish estates, remarkable revelations have been made of the primitive helplessness of the tenants.

Yesterday Mr. Ross was asked to sell the Wild Mountain estate of Charles Johnson in Co. Donegal to the Congested Districts Board, as the tenants' offers were totally inadequate.

According to the report made by Mr. Trench, the lands were good, but the tenants hopeless. They were more like wild animals than anything else.

When they saw a white man they ran and hid in holes in the cliffs.

Mr. McLoone, for the tenants, said no wonder that a well-dressed man from Dublin coming there would think these poor people wild animals.

Mr. Justice Ross said he never saw better dressed people than the Co. Donegal people, but the prices these tenants offered for the purchase of their holdings were monstrous, and he could not listen to them.

There must be some wreckers going about the county advising the tenants against buying.

THREATENED WITH TORPEDOES.

Novel Fireworks to Celebrate the Fall of Port Arthur.

The keen interest taken by Londoners in the impending fall of Port Arthur is manifested by preparations being made to celebrate the auspicious event by a display of fireworks, as though the fall of the Russian fort were almost a personal matter to Britishers.

"We have done an enormous business, quite apart from the usual 5th of November trade," said a dealer yesterday, "in Japanese Gailing guns, Port Arthur squibs, Japanese torpedoes, Jap flash signals, and Japanese bombs."

"The feature about these is their very loud detonations. Each Gailing gun fires sixty-four reports. The torpedoes are imitations of the real weapon; they rush along the ground and then explode."

CITY STATUE TO MILTON.

Unveiling a Memorial to London's Greatest Poet.

It is considerably more than two hundred years since Milton died, and the unveiling of his statue at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, yesterday, may be regarded as testimony to the immortal memory of the poet.

The site of the statue is the open space beside the porch of St. Giles's church, where Milton is buried. It was purchased of the Corporation of the City of London for £1,500 by the Cripplegate Foundation, and it was stipulated that it shall be for ever maintained as an open space.

The statue, which is from the chisel of Mr. Horace Montford, portrays the poet standing erect, his bared head thrown backward, and his gaze cast aloft. In his left hand is his wide-awake hat.

The handsome pedestal of the statue, designed by Mr. E. H. Rickards, bears the inscription:—

MILTON. 1633-1674.

Buried within this church.

O Spirit—what in me is dark,

Illumine, what is low raise and support;

That to the height of this great argument

I may assert Eternal Providence,

And justify the ways of God to men.

Lady Alice Egerton performed the unveiling ceremony, and the assembly included Lord Rosebery, the Lord Mayor, and members of the City Corporation.

MILITARY POISON SCARE.

The soldiers of Royal Irish Fusiliers, suffering from irritant poisoning as a result of partaking of effervescent drink at Hollywood Barracks, Co. Down, were yesterday all reported out of danger.

Little new light has been thrown upon the extraordinary occurrence.

Mr. McKenna, who sold the powders to the men, is emphatic in his declaration that they were identified with those sold for years, and as evidence of her earnestness mixed up a drink which she administered to her husband without ill-effects.

KING'S GIFT OF GAME.

The King has promised to send a gift of game to the Wide World Fair, which is being arranged in aid of St. John's Church, East Dulwich. The fair will be opened by the Duchess of Marlborough.

Tony Todd, a Nottingham walker, who is making an attempt to break the world's record by walking 2,000 miles in 1,000 hours, has so far accomplished over three hundred and fifty miles.

MR. ROOSEVELT TO WIN.

American Election Tide Running in His Favour.

HUMOURS OF THE CONTEST.

Forecasts of the American Presidential election are all in favour of a big majority for Mr. Roosevelt, writes the *Mirror* representative in Washington.

The latest about the election, in the picturesque phraseology of New York City, sums up the situation "5 to 1 on Roosevelt, and no takers, as there is very little Parker money about."

Thomas Lawson, the millionaire stockbroker, of Boston, created a sensation by publicly stating that the Standard Oil Company were prepared to spend £2,000,000 on the day before the election to buy up voters in favour of Judge Parker. The Standard Oil wanted Parker as President, he said, because they could handle him as they liked.

But the Trust called a meeting of directors and emphatically denied Mr. Lawson's statement, and said that they were not interested in politics.

It is believed that if he is elected Roosevelt will make a big fight against the Trusts, which are acceded by both sides to be a menace to the safety of the American nation.

Electioneering Dodges.

The negroes in the north will vote for him on account of his lenient view of the colour question. For the same reason the Southerners are solid for Parker.

Some amusing electioneering dodges are being resorted to in New York. The city has been colonised with tramps. They all moved into the slums, and a room taken for them in five or six wards, so that the men can register and get a vote in each. Many of these intelligent would-be voters have been arrested.

An express wagon-driver one day secured a consignment of Roosevelt railroads and drove them off to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, where he asked the baggage man to check them through to Washington by slow freight train.

Police Wield Their Clubs.

A free fight ensued, in which the police joined, energetically using their clubs on the crowd in a most impartial manner.

On election night, November 8, there will be the usual processions, coloured fire, crackers, bombs, and noises in the streets. A new terror has been added this year in the shape of a tin instrument, which can be blown from the nose.

It emits a catervalling sound, and blends with the tin horn, which can be blown at the same time from the lips, while cymbals are clanged with the hands.

There are plenty of "floaters" about—people who do not know which way they will vote, but are understood to have no price for their votes. The easiest method of doing a deal, they say, is to divide them into blocks of five, and then make a price for the lot.

LIBERALS GRATIFIED.

Municipal Results Taken to Signify Victory at the General Election.

There is great glee at the Liberal headquarters over the results of the municipal elections.

The capture of sixty-one seats by the Party is regarded as a favourable omen of results of the next General Election.

The principal Liberal gains were at Bristol (5 seats), Devonport (4), Leeds (4), Liverpool (4), Yarmouth (4), Hastings (3), and Huddersfield (3).

Two seats were also won at Andover, Burslem, Cheltenham, Norwich, Pontefract, Southport, and Wolverhampton.

On the other hand, the Conservatives and Unionists gained 46 seats.

Their chief successes were at Stockport (6), Bradford (5), Bootle (4), Bury (4), Chatham (3), Worcester (3), and at Exeter, Oldham, Portsmouth, and Sheffield, two seats being gained in each of the last-mentioned municipalities.

"More than half the municipal elections are not fought politically," said the secretary of the Central Conservative Association to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, "and we do not attach very great importance to the results."

The Labour Party claim a gain of 27 seats, and the Independent Party 10.

MINISTER AS ACTIVE RESISTER.

Considerable excitement occurred at Melton Mowbray yesterday when the Rev. Edward Ball, a Primitive Methodist minister, who had been ordered to undergo seven days' imprisonment for non-payment of the poor rate, was put under arrest.

The Rev. gentleman refused to walk, and had to be carried by the local police superintendent and other officers.

GIVING UP THE SPOILS.

The United Free Church advisory committee yesterday resolved to denude themselves of the property held by the general trustees, according to the House of Lords' decision.

TRAPPED BY FIRE.

Nursemaid's Tragic Fate In a London Fire.

DRAMATIC ESCAPES.

A young nurse-girl, not yet out of her teens, lost her life under the saddest circumstances at a fire in Westminster Bridge-road yesterday.

The outbreak occurred at the premises of Mr. Albert Brooks, draper, which lie between the Canterbury Music Hall and the premises of the London Necropolis Company, locally called "Death Station."

The house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and their two children, aged three years and eight weeks, who had rooms over the shop. In the upper story three or four families of lodgers lived, and in a little room at the back slept the unhappy nurse-girl.

Mrs. Brooks woke up suddenly about 2.30 in the morning to find her room filled with smoke.

Her first thought was for the children. She and another woman each seized a child and rushed from the burning house to the shop of Mr. A. Worrall, a tobacconist, two or three doors off, where Mr. Brooks was sitting up chatting with his neighbour.

It was a shock the husband will never forget to see the two women, clad only in their nightdresses, rushing in distraught and holding out the children at arm's length, while they shrieked, "Fire! Fire! Save them!"

Fighting the Flames From a Tramcar.

There was some delay in the arrival of the fire-engines, and some L.C.C. road men turned their hoses on the burning house, climbing on a tramcar the better to reach the flames, which had a firm hold of the upper story.

The lodgers were at the windows screaming frantically for help, when at last the fire-engines came up, and the escapes were planted for them.

All were saved, it seemed. Then came the cry where is the nurse? She was not to be seen. Now no human help could reach her. Heroic attempts were made, but were of no avail.

The house was so constructed as to be a regular death-trap. The girl was new to it. She had been but a few days in Mrs. Brooks's service. It was clear she had failed to find her way out, or had been aroused too late.

Forced Into a Corner.

It was not till the fire was got under, at 4.30, that a fireman, under the guidance of Mr. Brooks, found her body in a room adjoining her own, in a corner to which she had evidently retreated in her terror.

The twenty people who were in the building at the time of the fire lost nearly all their belongings; but George Kissel, a young waiter, snatched up his violin, which he valued at £40, and a few clothes when he left his room. In his flight he threw them under the stairs on the ground floor, and found them untouched when he went back after the fire.

CARRIED HIS SECRET TO DEATH.

After carrying a razor about with him for a week, Alexander McDonald, a young metropolitan constable, committed suicide by cutting his throat.

On the previous evening he had been reported for failing to parade at the proper hour, but at the inquest yesterday the station inspector said he did not think this had caused McDonald to take his life. It was believed he owed money, and that he was in some trouble not connected with the police force.

The jury returned their verdict without inquiry into the nature of the constable's secret.

SECRET OF THE LIFT.

The president of the Divorce Court yesterday granted a decree nisi to Mr. Horace Abrahams, manager of the Coach and Horses public-house, Wellington-street, Strand.

Mr. Abrahams had charged his wife with misconduct with a customer named Newberger, and evidence had been given that Mrs. Abrahams and the customer had been heard making love through a lift that connected the kitchen with the bar. Mr. Newberger yesterday denied the charges against him.

Boiling Clothes

The book inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper tells how to wash without fire, with half the usual rubbing and wear and shrinking of clothes, and cleaner.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

SLATER CASE HUMOURS.

Mr. Justice Darling on Private Detectives.

The proceedings during the seventh day of the trial of the Slater case at the Old Bailey yesterday were frequently enlivened by Mr. Justice Darling's humorous comments.

One of the last witnesses called by the Solicitor-General was Charles Fielding, an ex-police sergeant, at one time in the service of Slater's Agency.

In cross-examination, he spoke of Stevens, Cartwright, and Simmons leaving, and Simmons's Detective Agency coming into existence immediately afterwards.

He was pressed by Mr. Isaacs on the question of whether their object was not to take away Slater's business, but declared he did not know.

The Judge: In this wicked world isn't there room for two detective agencies?

Mr. Isaacs, in further cross-examination, brought forward the business cards of Simmons's firm, and created some amusement by reciting the various branches of work undertaken by them.

The Judge: There is nothing about work in the North Sea, but there is "secret shadowing by experienced detectives for certifying the habits and associates of suspected persons." Then, glancing at Mr. Isaacs, his lordship added, amidst loud laughter: "Parliamentary and municipal elections."

Mr. Isaacs: That would be a matter for the election judges.

An intimation by the Solicitor-General that he proposed to read, after the evidence led by Mr. Gill to say, "I protest against any attempt to read into this case something that will not bear scrutiny."

The Solicitor-General: Go on, Mr. Gill. Make another speech.

Mr. Gill, with some warmth, said he would make as many speeches as were necessary to prevent a miscarriage of justice.

In submitting, after the case for the prosecution had closed, that there was no case against Scott, Mr. Isaacs contended that there was not one little of evidence to connect Scott with anything that took place with regard to Maud Goodman, or to show that he was a party to the conspiracy.

The Judge remarked that there was really no evidence of any weight against Scott, with the exception of the statement that he on one occasion called for the papers in the Pollard case to be brought into the room.

The case was then adjourned till this morning, when the Solicitor-General will reply to Mr. Isaacs's speech for Scott.

LADY AND HER JEWELLERY.

Silversmiths Prefer a Singular Charge Against a Customer.

On the charge of stealing a diamond stud and bracelet worth £75 from Messrs. Jay, Richard Attenborough and Co., Oxford-street jewellers, Mrs. Annie Hobbs, of Brighton, was again before Mr. Plowden at Marlborough-street yesterday. Mr. Arthur Hutton, who prosecuted, said that at Mrs. Hobbs's house jewellery of the value of £429 had been found belonging to the prosecutors, which they had not sold to her or let her have on approval. Mrs. Hobbs, it appeared, had pledged or sold jewellery at Brighton of the value of £297 belonging to the prosecutors.

Counsel added, however, that during the last two years Mrs. Hobbs had bought about £400 worth of jewellery from the firm, which she had paid for in cash.

Mr. Horace Ivory, K.C., who appeared for the defence, elicited from one of the firm's assistants that Mrs. Hobbs had jewellery on approval on almost every occasion that she visited the shop. No time limit for its return was laid down.

Another remand was ordered, bail in £500 being accepted.

CURIOUS FEATURE OF SUICIDE.

During the inquest at Hackney, yesterday, on Charles Eaves, a barman, who committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a train, Dr. Wynn Westcott remarked that, in his experience, people with a horror of suicide were the most likely to commit such acts.

Eaves was known to have viewed suicide with horror. His body was only identified through a label attached to a bunch of keys.

LARGE SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY.

Suffering from a nervous breakdown, the result of failure in an examination, Philip Adams, a telegraph clerk, became imbued with the delusion that he was responsible for the war in the Far East and for the state of the weather.

It was shown at a Hackney inquest yesterday that, while in this state, Chambers committed suicide by shooting himself with a saloon rifle at his home at Stoke Newington.

COSTLY REFUSAL OF A PENNY.

For refusing, while travelling on a tramcar, to show his ticket, or, as an alternative, pay the penny fare, Mr. A. Brodie, of Birdhurst-rise, South Croydon, was yesterday fined 10s. 6d., including costs.

TYPHOID AND MILK.

Widower Awarded Damages for His Wife's Death.

By finding a verdict for Mr. Frost yesterday, the jury, which has for the past three days been hearing his claim in the King's Bench Division, decided that the milk supplied by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, Limited, from their Ealing branch had been responsible for his wife's death from typhoid.

In view of the great importance to retailers of the point at issue, the result of the action has been awaited with the keenest interest.

Mrs. Frost died during an epidemic of typhoid in Ealing, and her husband sought to show that her death was due to the dairy company supplying impure milk. He claimed £106 as damages, and this sum the jury awarded him.

In addressing the jury on behalf of the company, Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., referred to the enormous public gravity of the case, especially if the law cast upon every retail trader who dealt in articles of food the responsibility for any contamination it might contain. Such a thing was really dangerous as fettering trade.

Mr. Justice Grantham, in summing up, said the law was not to be construed so as to hold that it was injurious to health, and caused injury, that person was liable. The question for the jury to consider was whether the defendant company's milk caused the death of Mr. Frost's wife or whether it did not.

The jury came to their decision without leaving the box.

PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Painful Final Scene Between Husband and Wife.

The Divorce Court yesterday was obliged to look on at the unhappy sight of husband and wife standing face to face putting questions and making answers about a miserable married life.

Mrs. McNeill, the wife, had already told her story, and Mr. McNeill, who was formerly agent on Lord Derwent's Hackness Hall Estate, asked to be allowed to cross-examine his wife on the question of his alleged desertion of her.

"Did you not come down to Wimbledon without giving me any notice?" he asked.

Mrs. McNeill: I did not think it was necessary to give notice. Where your home was my home was.

Another painful incident in the case was the fact that the son of the unfortunate couple, a boy sixteen years old, was called as a witness by his mother and cross-examined by his father.

In support of the charge of misconduct a good-looking young woman, who demanded in a determined voice that her name should not be published, gave evidence that she had been on intimate terms with Mr. McNeill, who had one day followed her in the street and spoken to her. She did not wish her name published because of her home and her child.

"You were not married when you met Mr. McNeill?" queried Mr. Justice Barnes sympathetically.

The Witness: Yes, I was.

A decree nisi was ultimately granted.

SHORT TEMPER—COLD PORRIDGE.

Curious Scene in Which a Husband's Love Departed.

"I struck her down like a pig. All my love is gone. I hate my wife."

According to a sister of a lady, Mrs. Ada Selby, who yesterday asked for a divorce from her husband, an engraver, residing in Bath, these were the words that Mr. Selby used with reference to his wife after he had knocked her down because his porridge at breakfast was cold.

Mrs. Selby herself also had some curious tales to tell about her husband's ill-usage of her.

One day, she said, he went to an entertainment at the Bath Theatre, telling her to come on after him. When she got there she found he had not taken a seat for her, and was sitting with another lady.

She went up to him, and he introduced her to the lady, to whom she bowed. She then went to a seat which she had taken for herself.

On their way home her husband, complaining that she had insulted the lady, struck her in the face.

"I told him," Mrs. Selby continued, "that the woman looked like a servant, but he replied that she was better than I was."

A detective, who shadowed Mr. Selby when he made love to a Bristol barmaid, said that he could hear the sound of their kisses across the road.

Mrs. Selby was granted a decree.

HUSBAND'S TRAGIC DISCOVERY.

A tragic discovery was made by Charles Smith, a Northampton insurance agent, yesterday.

Whilst walking alongside the River Nene he saw the body of his wife floating in the water. She had been missing eleven days, and left behind a pathetic letter, in which she declared her determination to commit suicide.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

Merchant Shoots Himself at His Sweetheart's House.

STORY OF INFATUATION.

The story of how a young City merchant, who had been thwarted in his love-suit, made an attempt to commit suicide at his sweetheart's home was told at Brentford Police Court yesterday.

The disappointed lover, a well-to-do man of twenty-five, named Julius Philip Grosscurth, listened unmoved, as far as outward appearances were concerned, to the evidence. He had been brought to the court on a warrant, and was described as living at The Woodlands, Ealing.

The chief witness was Mr. Charles Henry Murray, of King's-avenue, Ealing, who said that for some time Grosscurth had been paying attention to his daughter. This was unwelcome, and he had been trying to put a stop to it.

But Grosscurth still persisted in his suit, and a letter was written to him by Mr. Murray making an appointment at the Drayton-court Hotel on September 7. After a long tussle on the subject, in which Mr. Murray told Grosscurth that his request for the hand of his daughter was absolutely hopeless, he closed the interview by saying, "You may take what I have said as final."

Produced a Revolver.

Grosscurth then drew a pistol and threatened to blow his brains out, but did not execute his threat, and went away.

The witness went on to say that after this Grosscurth wrote to his daughter endeavouring to persuade her to act on her own initiative. On September 19 Mr. Murray wrote him a strong letter again, insisting that his attentions must cease.

"Within a few hours of receiving that letter," Mr. Murray continued, "the prisoner came to my house and got in by a trick. I came down and told him his suit was futile."

"He said, 'Has it come to the worst?' and with that he drew the revolver from his pocket and shot himself in the breast. I sent for a doctor, and he was eventually taken away to a nursing home, where he has been since."

The young man's father, Mr. Julius Grosscurth, said no better son could exist. He was infatuated by the young lady, and if the family did not desire his attentions that was their affair.

Describing the incidents as a distinct outrage on the lady, the magistrate committed the prisoner for trial, allowing bail in £200.

CAT AS BOARDER.

Dispute Over a Domestic Pet's Luxurious Bill of Fare.

At Clerkenwell County Court, yesterday, Judge Edge had before him the claim of Mary Ann Hammond, of Brewer-street, Goswell-road, against Mrs. Peters, of Highbury-quadrant, Islington, for 10s. in respect of the keep of a cat.

The plaintiff stated that from the last week in May until the beginning of August, while the defendant was away at the seaside, she kept the cat. She made the arrangements with the defendant's nurse.

Judge Edge: What did you feed it on?—On meat, fish, and milk.

Do you mean that you bought fish on purpose for this cat?—I had it for my own cat as well.

Defendant: She gave the cat to my maid as a present.

Plaintiff: You know I kept the cat.

Defendant: But it is not my cat.

Plaintiff: I treated it like my own cat.

The Judge: In fact, the cats boarded together. Eventually the case ended in the plaintiff agreeing to accept 6s.

MISS FARNER'S FATE.

The prosecution at the Thames Police Court of the two men, Donovan and Wade, who are accused of murdering Miss Emily Farnar at her shop in Commercial-road, was taken up yesterday by Mr. Arthur Gill, on behalf of the Treasury.

He sketched the case for the prosecution at some length, and after several witnesses had been called the prisoners were again remanded.

VILLAGE'S FIRST ROBBERY.

What is described as the first robbery in the history of Sabten, a tiny little township near Clitheroe, has just come to light.

A safe in the village chapel was rifled, and £20, representing the pastor's salary, taken. On the same day, during a school festival, a young man announced that his pocket had been picked of £9.

OLD STAMPS FOR NEW.

An ingenious method of fraud is alleged to have been practised at Newcastle-on-Tyne Post Office by Joseph William Stancliffe, a sorting clerk.

It was stated at the police court yesterday that he substituted used stamps for new ones on parcels delivered to him over the counter.

Stancliffe was remanded, charged with embezzlement.

THE CITY.

The following Home Railway traffic receipts for 1917 have been recorded:-Increases: Great Western £7,800, Lancs. and Yorks £3,729, North British £6,724, Great Central £757, Hull and Barnsley £325, Taff Vale £418, Great Northern £1,000, London & South Western £183. Decreases: North-Western £10,000, G. & N.Western £5,990, North-Eastern £2,893, Caledonian £1,440, Glasgow and South-Eastern £86, North British £1,440, Southern £1,000, Fife & Perth £157. The following Foreign Railway traffic receipts have been recorded:-Increases: Rosario £10,255, B.A.G. Southern £8,852, B.A. West £3,335, P.A.C. £1,000, Buenos Aires & Pacific £1,000, G. & W. Mexico £1,081, Villa Maria Mexican \$3,500, Central Uruguay £2,094, E. Extension £1,758, N. Extension £921, W. Extension £161, C. & S. £1,000.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are at 2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1904.

"DOLLARS TO BURN."

WHAT a pity it is that so many rich Americans are persons of unconquerable vulgarity of mind! There is no more obvious evidence of this undesirable quality than the anxiety to transform the most sacred and touching of all ceremonies—the solemn, simple marriage service—into an orgy of "dollar-burning." Over and over again we have had accounts from the United States of "million-dollar" weddings, of festivities due solely to purse-pride and having no object but ostentation. Now, we are sorry to say, this pestilence is in our very midst.

At the wedding yesterday in Scotland of Mr. Bradley-Martin the younger with a Miss Phipps, the bride wore a dress which is said to have cost £4,000. More degrading still—for anyone is degraded who can spend huge sums on personal adornment—the bridegroom, who was in Highland costume (what have the Highlands done to deserve this?), had about him jewels valued at just double the amount paid for his wife's costume. Of course, the bride said wore "priceless" lace, while it could not have been expected that less than £1,500 worth of flowers should be required. As for the presents, it has been computed that they total up to half a million of money. In short, the performance—one can hardly call it by any more dignified name—seems even to have eclipsed in point of expense the famous fancy-dress ball which Mrs. Bradley-Martin gave a few years ago in order to outshine Mrs. Vanderbilt.

One knows not which to feel most—indignant at its wickedness or sorry for its tasteless crudity. How can a man—even more how can a woman—fling away money in this fashion when there are hundreds of thousands of their fellow-creatures lacking sufficient warmth, clothing, food? It was such heartless parade of wealth as this which caused the great upheaval we call the French Revolution. Is it not strange that the land which proclaims every man (theoretically) equal should produce so many degenerates anxious only to emphasize the inequality that really exists?

FADDY FANATICISM.

No sensible, reasonable step towards the reduction of excessive drinking will ever meet with disapproval in these columns. But we cannot think that refusals to allow places of entertainment to supply alcoholic liquors are either in accordance with reason or with sense.

In the first place, people who go to performances at the Hippodrome or the Palace Theatre, to both of which the L.C.C. refused licences yesterday, are the least likely people to drink in those places to excess. They go to see the show. If they wanted to get drunk they would get drunk outside. They may very likely want something to drink in the course of the evening, but to suppose that bars in variety theatres encourage immoderate thirst is simply absurd.

Indeed, the refusal of these licences is much more likely to provoke excessive drinking than the granting of them would have done. Just because he cannot get a drink inside, the Briton, being a naturally combative person, will, even though he does not want one, go and get one outside. He will talk excitedly about the folly of the L.C.C., grow more and more hot and thirsty, and end by having too much.

What reason, again, can be there for allowing regular theatres to sell liquors and refusing the same convenience to variety theatres? The whole business is stupid, faddy, and tiresome. Are there not enough sane people on the L.C.C. to make a stand against it?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
—Shakespeare, "King John."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THOUGH there is an occasional scare as to Mr. Balfour's health, there is little doubt that he is now much stronger than he was in his early days. He never looked very strong, but his health is apt to recall to one what Carlyle wrote of his wife's determination. It was as weak as wet string, but almost as tough and unbreakable. When he was Secretary for Ireland, he was generally supposed to be a constitutional wreck, but he has shown no further signs of breakdown, in spite of his hard work.

He certainly looks after himself. Some years ago, at a big semi-political party, he arrived looking very languid and ill. After greeting his hostess he slipped away into a corner. His hostess, who had noticed how ill he looked, was careful not to disturb him, but half an hour later she quietly went after him to see how he was. She found him feeling his own pulse by his watch, and taking his temperature with a clinical thermometer.

Mr. Phipps, the American millionaire iron-magnate, whose daughter was married yesterday with such a display of wealth, made his money, or at least the greater part of it, in the Steel Trust. His chief occupation seems to be the Americanisation

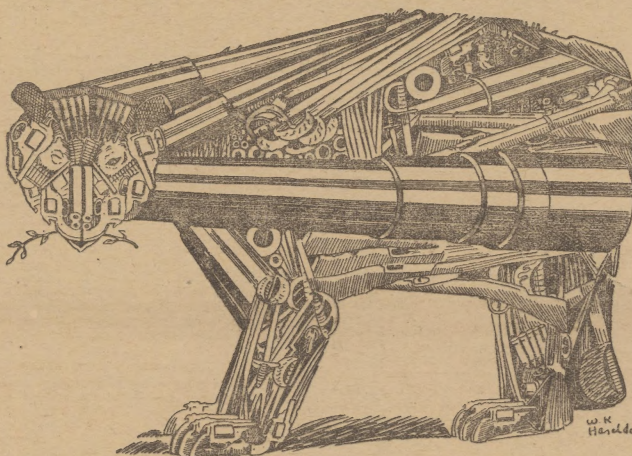
of dress was expensive. Mrs. Bradley-Martin's dress was more expensive. It was a perfect triumph. Even the English papers devoted columns to it.

Prince Louis of Battenberg who, as Director of Naval Intelligence, has been prominent of late, is looked upon as one of the ablest of naval officers, and is spoken of in the service as a future First Lord. During the thirty-six years of his service his rank has been rather against him than for him, just as has been the case with the Duke of Connaught in the Army. The Navy men owe him a great deal, they are the first to admit.

It was his tact which smoothed away the friction between the Court and the Admiralty over the royal yacht recently, and the friction between the Navy and the Army on the subject of unequal recognition for service rewards. The Navy, too, was considerably annoyed over the way in which the hand-man was ignored for ceremonial and pageants. The complete change in that is entirely due to him.

He was once unconsciously the cause of a serious dispute between two admirals, both of whom were on full pay, and the quarrel was referred to the

THE BEAR WITH THE OLIVE BRANCH.



The circumstances of the Anglo-Russian crisis at this moment resemble very closely those which preceded the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan. They are exactly hit off, in fact, by this cartoon, which originally appeared in the "Mirror" on January 18 last. Russia's words, now as then, are peaceful, but there is a great difference between her words and her acts.

ing of England. For some years now he has rented Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's Highland home, and lived, so far as hospitality, charity, kilts, and bagpipes will help him, the life of a Scottish laird.

A few years ago he presented a completely fitted institute hall to the neighbouring town of Beaulieu. The opening ceremony was delightful. Mr. Phipps arrived on the scene and was greeted with "The Star-Spangled Banner" in lieu of "God Save the King," and then Lord Lovat presented an illuminated address and casket. A detachment of the famous Lovat Scouts turned out, and triumphal arches were erected.

Each year Mr. Phipps gives away a great deal of his wealth, principally in large sums. He caused quite a mild sensation when he gave £20,000 to the Boer Relief Fund, and last year he gave the same sum to Lord Curzon for the benefit of India. Born sixty-five years ago, he was an office boy in company with Mr. Carnegie, and the close friendship of those days has been kept up ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, the father and mother of the bridegroom, are better known than Mr. Phipps. They have managed to startle even America more than once. The first great sensation they gave their millionaire friends was to marry their daughter to the Earl of Craven. So that none of the glory might be missed the wedding took place in New York. When the bridegroom appeared in the church with the bottoms of his trousers turned up, though it was a perfectly fine day, and even went through the ceremony like that, the New York Press shouted the fact to the ends of the earth, and the Bradley Martins were almost satisfied.

Next came the famous fancy-dress ball over which New York went mad. The Church preached against it; labour agitators worked themselves frenzied over it. The ball was given to outshine one given by Mrs. Vanderbilt, about a dozen years before. The Vanderbilt ball cost £50,000; the Bradley Martin ball eclipsed it. Mrs. Vanderbilt's

Admiralty for settlement. Prince Louis was then on the staff of Admiral X, who met at his club Admiral Y. "I did not expect you would get such a responsible command as that," said Admiral Y, "but you have Prince Louis with you, and he will keep you up to the mark." It ended in Admiral Y having to apologise, but with the mental reservation that he was quite right.

"Miss Mary Venant," who made her stage debut on Monday night in Mr. Alfred Sutro's new play, is a lady very well known in society by her real name of Mrs. Jack Cumming. She has also achieved fame under the name of "Machinka," the dressmaker. Mrs. Cumming is a veritable artist in dress, and for years she invented the "creations" which came from "Machinka's" establishment in Dover-street. Last season Mrs. Cumming appeared in a new rôle, as a society entertainer and reciter, and in this, too, she made a great success. She studied elocution for some months in Paris.

Rear-Admiral Francis Bridgeman, of the Victorious, who is Lord Charles Beresford's second in command, has seen no active service yet, though he is looked upon as one of the best officers in the Navy. He lacks one of the generally accepted attributes of the Navy—geniality—and his nature is stern and grave. Next to a sailor he would have made a good judge, and on a court-martial he is the terror of shuffling witnesses. The Commander of Lord Charles's flagship is Commander Culme-Seymour, son and heir of Admiral Culme-Seymour.

Captain James Starin, of the Jupiter, has one of the finest records in the Channel Fleet, and his collection of Royal Humane Society medals is unique in the Navy. As a middy in 1876 he earned a medal, and in 1883, as a Lieutenant, he gained a clasp in addition. The following year he rescued five men one after the other at Portland, and was presented with a silver medal. In March of last year he qualified for a bronze medal once more, and received another clasp. He is also entitled to yet another, which he earned when rescuing a sailor in mid-Channel during the steam trials of the Halcyon, but the case was never reported.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Emperor of Japan.

TO-DAY is his fifty-second birthday, and it is in the hopes of presenting Port Arthur to him as an appropriate birthday gift that the Japanese have been making such stupendous efforts before the doomed fortress.

His birthday is always an occasion for great rejoicings throughout his realm, and to-day will be no exception, whatever be the news.

His name is Mutsu Hito (pronounced "Mootz Shto"), but this name is never heard. He is generally called the Tenno Heika or Tenshi Sama, the word Mikado, so familiar to English ears, being quite obsolete.

His career has been probably the strangest of any living monarch. When a youth he lived in a palace which was almost a prison, completely under the tutelage of a too powerful subject.

A revolution, in which Marquis Ito and other great men participated, placed him at the head of a nation bent on making Japan strong and respected by the nations of the West. This could only be done by adopting European methods, and the Emperor and his charming consort have helped greatly by their encouragement of all new ideas.

His Majesty takes a great interest in the Army and Navy. He made a point of attending the manoeuvres every year, and in his subjects to ascertain exactly how the men were treated would call privates from the ranks, examine their rations, and inquire if they had any grievances. His solicitude has had its reward. He is loved with a fanatical affection by every man in the Army.

Mutsu Hito is not a handsome man according to our ideas, but he is unusually stout and tall for a Japanese, and is looked on by his subjects as a model of manly physique. He appreciates European cookery, and is very fond of good dry champagne.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

About the Departure of the Baltic Fleet from Vigo.

The official statement on the circumstances in which Admiral Rojestvensky sailed from Vigo will not, we are sure, satisfy the public mind.—"Times" (C.).

That Russia has loyally observed her part of the engagement is shown by the official announcement.—"Daily News" (L.).

In view of the international situation, it is necessary for England to be prepared for any eventuality.—"Daily Mail."

Scarcely anything of real value has been conceded by Russia, beyond the Tsar's expression of regret and the promise to compensate the injured fishermen, which, after all, could hardly have been refused.—"Standard" (C.).

The sooner the Government is in a position to publish full information, the better it will be for the public's peace of mind.—"Daily Chronicle" (L.).

We have still to preach patience, but there is, and must be, a limit even to the most perfect forbearance.—"Daily Telegraph" (C.).

The Russian fleet has been able to massacre British fishermen with impunity, and with that state of things Mr. Balfour is perfectly contented.—"Morning Post" (C.).

If we have a grievance it must be chiefly against our own Government.—"St. James's Gazette" (C.).

It is now certain that Russia so far has loyally fulfilled her pledges.—"Star" (L.).

If the British Foreign Office is not careful, a large share of the indignation of the English people over this Baltic business will be diverted upon itself.—"Globe" (C.).

There is no reason to doubt the honesty of purpose of the Tsar and his Ministers. They are abiding both by the letter and the spirit of their agreement.—"Daily Express" (C.).

Rojestvensky, who took upon himself in his report the responsibility for the outrage, has sailed away on his flagship as if nothing had happened, and to pretend that this is satisfactory to the nation would be scarcely in accordance with the fact.—"Evening News."

HOME-MADE HUMOUR.

Admiral Rojestvensky's excuse: He was Japane-stricken.—"Globe."

Sunday is a day of rest, because we do everything then that we had not time for during the week.—"London Opinion."

Lord Porksby (late elevated to the peerage, to spendthrift son): Are you aware who you are talking to, sir?

Son (coolly): Yes, quite! You are the son of a tradesman—I am the son of a peer.

—"Bystander."

According to Mr. Whittles, a lecturer on dental pathology at the Birmingham University, "Craw-craw" has made its appearance in this country. Mr. Whittles' view is that the disease is disseminated by kissing. The theory is now being tested by a large number of students.—"Punch."

THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

CAPTAIN SCOTT DECORATED.



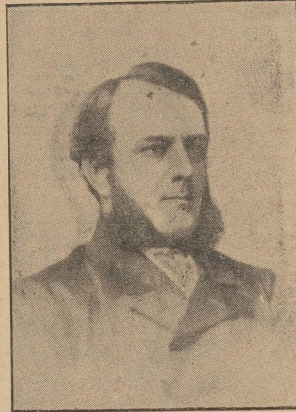
Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., who has just been promoted to be a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, on his return from the National Antarctic Expedition.—(Russell.)

NEW OPERATIC SINGER.



Mme. Jeanne Wayda, who made her debut in London last night with Signor Caruso in "Pagliacci," at Covent Garden.

PORT ARTHUR'S GODFATHER.



The late Rear-Admiral Arthur, a Devonshire man, to whom Port Arthur owes its name. In 1860 his gunboat towed a disabled British battleship into the harbour, which was thenceforward styled "Port Arthur."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S SHOOTING PARTY AT GORDON CASTLE.



Reading from left to right, the figures are: The Hon. Derek Keppel, Mr. Bingham, Lady March, Lord March, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Beckwith, Lady Helen Gordon Lennox, Lady Muriel Beckwith (daughter of the Duke of Richmond), and her brother.—(Russell.)

MISS CLARA BUTT'S CONCERT TO-NIGHT.



Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford (Miss Clara Butt), who will make their reappearance in London at their annual concert at the Royal Albert Hall to-night.—(Salmon.)

THE QUEEN'S SANATORIUM.



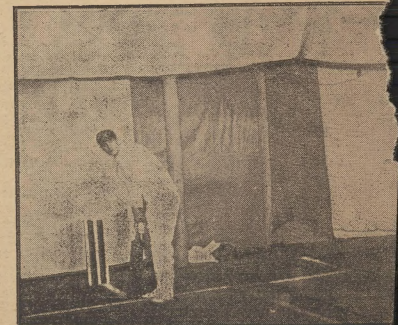
The + in this picture marks the spot, at Davos (Switzerland), where the foundation stone is to be laid of the new sanatorium for people of all English-speaking nationalities, in which the Queen is taking a keen interest.

JAPANESE STORMING THE



The latest advices from the Far East state that the great attack on the inner forts continues, and the Japanese have the centre and southern fronts of the town. Drawn by...

THE OPENING OF THE



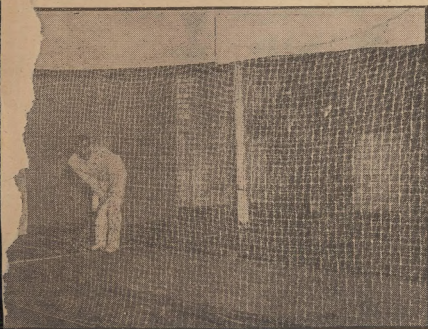
A large number of the metropolitan swimming bath has been open for months. Above are seen Trotter and...

HEIGHTS AT PORT ARTHUR



assault on Port Arthur is being vigorously carried out. The succeeded, after heavy fighting, in capturing the trenches on Woodville.—(Copyright, "Illustrated London News.")

WINTER CRICKET SEASON.



are now being converted into cricket pitches for the winter. A cricket match is being played at the St. Bride's Baths, E.C.



News · in · Negatives

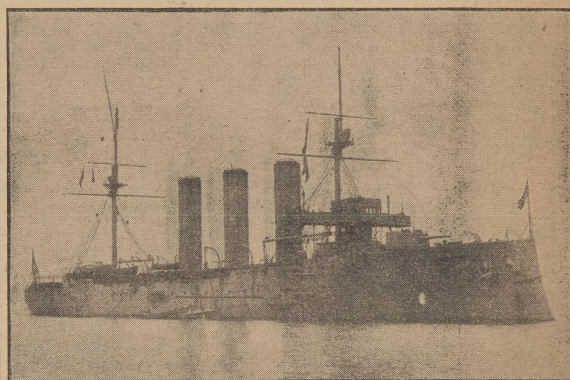


THE POPE'S ILLNESS.



His Holiness the Pope, who is now slightly indisposed and has been ordered complete rest by Dr. Lapponi, the famous Vatican physician.

FIRST BRITISH WARSHIP AT VIGO.



H.M.S. Lancaster, commanded by Captain Sir G. S. Warrender, the first British cruiser which put into Vigo after the arrival of the Baltic Squadron. Captain Sir G. S. Warrender visited Admiral Rojestvensky on board the latter's flagship.

LATEST WAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FAR EAST.



The small house seen on the right was the one which was occupied by General Oku and his Staff at Liao-yang.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)



Chinese coolies pushing storage trucks laden with provisions which were captured by the Japanese from the Russians.—(T. Ruddiman Johnston, Tokio.)

15-YEAR-OLD STAGE MANAGER



Master Claude Rains, the "call boy" at His Majesty's Theatre, and who stage-managed the special performance of a series of selections from "The Tempest" which was given by the little girls who play in Mr. Tree's Shakespearian production.

CASTING ROCHESTER'S NEW BELLS.



Casting two new bells for Rochester Cathedral at an East End bell foundry. A cleric from the cathedral is seen on the left of the photograph watching the men at work.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The New Version of the Church's Most
Widely-used Hymn-book.

HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN, with Accompanying Tunes. New Edition. Clowes. Published by Day.

BY THE REV. E. H. PEARCE.

Nothing shows the inherent weakness of the system of the English Church more clearly than her treatment of hymns. Hymns are not contemplated by the Prayer-book, they are as legal, or otherwise, as incense and harvest decorations. The hymn, however, as an institution, has come to stay.

Yet the matter is still left to private enterprise, and, in particular, to a dread, mysterious body known as the "compilers" of Hymns, Ancient and Modern—a body as mysterious as the council of the Venetian Doge, and more dread because there are believed to be eleven of them instead of ten. In the exercise of their collective, but quite unofficial, judgment they have for some years been preparing a new edition, which, being issued to-day, may by their fiat be used in choirs and places where they sing on and after Sunday next.

The compilers were probably quite ready for the outcry with which their work has been received, even before it has been seen. If one compares "A. and M." with greater matters, the expostulations are such as come naturally from those who will not use the revised version of the Bible.

In favour of a change the revisers can urge, first, the unsatisfactory and obviously temporary character of their 1889 edition; secondly, the greivous friction of their undertaking; and, thirdly, the condescension of their predecessors to that human infirmity which prefers its own (wrong) version of a hymn to the version which the author wrote.

The first objection to the old version is especially realised by those who have to arrange hymns for a given Sunday or series of services, and who have to hop about from the main body to the supplement for hymns referring to the same season. We have now a book of much the same size as the former (643 hymns instead of 638), with an orderly arrangement running through its whole length.

The National Anthem appears for the first time,

and has a section to itself, though it is a pity that the compilers have been afraid of the second verse. It is not more vindictive than the verse of "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," which appears for the first time; indeed, it is possibly more charitable to desire to "frustrate the knavish tricks" of the King's enemies than to sing:—

All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the Day:
Come to judgment!
Justice can no more delay.

Secondly, the desire of the compilers to meet the requirements of Anglo-Catholic Churchmanship is now much more obvious than ever. We have more hymns for "the hours," and there is a special section of hymns headed "The Blessed Virgin Mary."

Thirdly, there is the question of the changes introduced for the sake of accuracy. Many clergymen have already been heard declaring that they will never give out on Christmas morning:—

Hark! how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of Kings!

and that

We are His folk, He doth us feed,

is an abomination compared with "flock," the word we are used to.

But if the authors of the hymns wrote them as the compilers now print them, surely that is a good reason for the change?

Now, let us consider the more terrible matter of the omissions. Some time-honoured favourites are gone. But on what principle are some taken and others left? Why banish

O, Paradise; O, Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?

and leave

Hear the trump proclaim the Day:

and

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling.

Both these effusions show what results when emotion, which is of the essence of a hymn, sinks into mere sentimentality. We still want some body of hymn compilers strong enough to maintain that no hymn should be sung unless it involves some or all of these elements: confession, prayer, praise, instruction, and incentive to right action.

We want in them also a sense of humour such as will prevent these incentives to right action being clothed in the ambiguous words of hymn No. 2 in the new edition:—

Let faith to us be drink, indeed,
And let us taste with joyfulness
The Spirit's temperate excess.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"RULE OF THREE."

I want to thank you for your paper, which is splendid.

I enclose a Rule of Three sum as to the movements, past and present, of the Baltic Fleet:—

"If in 300 miles Admiral Bow-at-a-Venturesky is 40 miles off his course, how far from Japan will he be when he gets there?" S. TERRY.

17, Victoria-street, S.W.

IS COURTESY DEAD?

I quite agree with Mr. Hervey that the lack of courtesy women of to-day meet with is due to themselves.

The girl of this age beams upon every male she meets, whether he be single or married. Then she expects to command his respect. M. C.

Americans are just beginning to realise that courtesy is a desirable thing, for in the land of hustle an institute for the improvement of manners in society is being started.

Knights and dames of courtesy are being enrolled in Chicago. Can we not follow the example here? OLD-FASHIONED POLITENESS.

Curzon-street.

THE LATE DAN LENO.

Might I suggest a shilling subscription to perpetuate the memory of Dan Leno, to take the form of a statue in jester's clothes? For the site I should say Cambridge-circus, outside the Palace Theatre. Ladbroke-grove, W. AN APPRECIATOR.

BOOTBLACKS FOR LADIES.

I live in the country, and have some way over a common to walk to the station. My boots, on arriving in town, are often anything but presentable.

It would be a great convenience to ladies if some of the big drapers could arrange to have their customers' boots blacked. It ought to be a means of advertisement. ANOTHER COUNTRY COUSIN.

Heather Brae, Woking.

"A NOXIOUS HABIT."

Will "One Who Has Tried It" kindly inform an old smoker where one can obtain "real ship's plug"? CORNBOP.

FROM THE NOVEMBER REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE NEGRO'S VISION OF HELL.

In "Chambers's Journal" Mr. Barley tells some funny negro stories. A negro preacher was telling about a dream he had had. He had dreamt about hell. "Any white men dar?" asked someone. "Yes, sho' dey was heaps of 'em." "Any niggers dar?" "Yes, sho, dey was acres on 'em; but look here, you black trash, ebery single white man dar had hold of a nigger, holdin' him between him and the fire."

A JUST REBUKE.

There is an interesting article appearing in this month's "Century" by Mr. Andrew White—"A Diplomat's Recollections of Russia." Mr. White was American Minister Plenipotentiary in St. Petersburg from 1892 to 1894. While he was there he discovered a story about a predecessor of his at the Legation, who was not always sober. This man's valet was an Irishman. One day he went and said to the constable: "O'll not stay with Igscillyany any longer." He was asked why. "Well," he said, "Oi thought it was time to get his Igscillyany out of bed, for he had been drunk about a week. So Oi says to him gentle-likke: 'Would your Igscillyany have a cup of coffee?' whin he rose up and shruk me in the face. On that Oi took 'im by the coat-tails and showed 'im his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to 'im, says Oi, 'Is thim the eyes of an Invoy Igstraor-rdinary and Minister Plinipotentiary?'"

THE SCENE-SHIFTER'S DUTIES.

In "Scribner's Magazine" Mr. John Corbin shows what a lot the modern scene-shifter does now. In Mr. Clyde Fitch's plays, especially in one of these, an automobile runs at full speed through Central Park. The scene-shifter unrolls rods of painted canvas backwards as the automobile goes forward. In another an Atlantic liner rolls in a gentle swell. In one of Mr. Belasco's plays real wet rain is produced by the scene-shifter.

GREAT MEN'S FADS.

An interesting article on how writers write is contributed to this month's "Cornhill" by Mr. Michael MacDonagh. Dr. Johnson apparently thought that "a man can write just as well at one time as at another." This certainly was so with Trollope, who fixed his time and his number of words, and then filled the programme exactly as he had determined. He also wrote successfully in a railway-carriage. Southey had six tables in his library, and wrote poetry on one, history on another, criticism on a third, and so on.

Sheridan took a glass of wine before writing; Byron gin and water; W. G. Chapman champagne and brandy; Charles Lamb beer or wine; Johnson merely tea; Shelley, Chatterton, and Milton, however, believed in "vegetables and water for writers."

Some writers must have a certain kind of pen or ink. Dickens wrote on blue paper, with blue ink;

Pope on scraps of paper. Lamb liked a walk in Fleet-street before writing.

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

For every 10,000 Englishmen living in England there are 131 Irishmen, 104 foreigners, 98 Scotchmen, 42 Colonial, most of the foreigners living in Stepney. There 16,000 foreigners lived in 1881. In 1901 there were 54,000.—John H. Schooling, in the "Fortnightly."

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY.

Constance Spender has revived in "Temple Bar" an old seventeenth century diary written by one William Taswell.

Taswell's family appears to have been terribly subject to accidents. Maria, his eldest sister, was "unfortunately overlaid through the carelessness of a nurse." Another sister was "hurried out of this world by a precipitate fever, which a too immoderate eating of cherries occasioned." Taswell's grandfather died of drinking "too much wine which threw him into a fever." Elizabeth and Anne Taswell both died at birth, Thomas at nine months old, and Mrs. Taswell at the birth of a last child called Maria.

What must the infant mortality have been if the Taswells may be taken as a typical family of those days!

"WOMEN LOAFERS."

"Women in smoking-rooms, women in billiard-rooms, women hanging over the tape which rolls out the latest winner"—this is the keynote of an article denouncing women's clubs in the "World of Dress."

"In these days," says the writer, "daughters and wives receive the advice and supervision of those whom Providence ordained to look after and protect them. They go to clubs, they mix with loafers of their own sex, with occasional variations; they behave with the independence of young men about town; they despise home life."

This is why, in the West End, "women's clubs are as plentiful as betting offices, and have just about as good a moral influence on the community."

NOVEMBER MELANCHOLY.

"I dislike a man," says Mr. Edward Bennett in the "English Illustrated," "who is not depressed in November." "Good heavens," says the practical man, "you are not in debt, your wife does not beat you. What have you to worry about? I am unreasonably depressed now, but I know I shall be unreasonably exhilarated in May, when I shall probably be in debt and have a sore throat. But the sun will be shining then and the trees be green."

Mr. Bennett also tells the story of a man who went into a public-house and asked the astonished barmaid what she sold. She replied simply, "Liquors." "Aht yes," the man answered, "but mention the names." And she began: "Bass's ale, Dewar's whisky, Hennessy's

three-star brandy." "Go on," said the man excitedly. And she went on. "Thank you," said the man, "you have done me a lot of good. I cannot drink anything now except Apollinaris water, and merely to hear the old names called out fills me with recollected joy."

HOW TO ENTERTAIN ROYALTY.

In the "Lady's Realm" Mary Spencer Warren gives some useful and interesting hints on this point. Their Majesties must have a special suite of rooms, and another suite for the staff of servants they bring with them. They must have a house party of which they approve. The Queen likes flowers in her rooms—orchids, roses, and violets. The King likes only scentless flowers.

The other visitors must take mourning and half-mourning with them, in case the King and Queen should lose a distant relative while on the visit. Their Majesties like private theatricals after dinner. They usually arrange their own amusements out of a varied list which their hostess must submit to them. The King dines at nine, and eats quickly.

Before leaving, the King plants a tree to commemorate his visit.

ESSAYS ON BABIES.

Miss Bathurst, in the "National Review," gives some specimens of essays written by children in elementary schools. The girls were told to answer an imaginary invitation to tea. One wrote: "Thank you for your invitation. . . . I am willing to have strawberry-flavoured jelly. . . . My dress will be white silk, with a low neck and short sleeves, as I think it will be very cool dress. That is all I have to say at present."

Another wanted "it" (the tea-party) "in front of your house, Mis." She added: "I am going to bring six boys and myself." A third wanted "Some Spung cake and some lunch biscuits."

Asked about babies, the girls had a lot to say. One pointed out that "Babies are a lot of trouble, they nearly always want something." A second wrote: "We must hold them upright, for they have no bones to support their backs, only gristle. You must not let them walk before they are old enough, or they will get bolleged."

NO CONVERSATION NOWADAYS.

Why is it that conversation has gone out of fashion? The first thing that must occur to every one is that no one can possibly talk in a restaurant, and as the fashion now is to dine in restaurants, with the clatter of other tables about you, and the clash of music to boot, no one desires to talk himself, or can help if anyone else talks.

The essentials of good table-talk are these:—That the listeners should themselves feel an interest in what they say, and that they should be able to talk. Here lies the difficulty with the English. The mangling of our mother tongue has reached great lengths.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison on "Table-Talk" in "Nineteenth Century."

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THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, Author of
"Mr. Smith of England."

WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS HAVE TOLD.

Lady Gascoyne, brilliant, young, and attractive, goes to the theatre with Dick Deverill. Soon after they have started a message arrives that the theatre to which they are supposed to have gone is on fire.

Sir Alanson Gascoyne, her husband, a Judge of the High Court, and much her senior, at once rushes to the scene.

Lady Gascoyne in the meantime returns. She is not aware of the fire, and tells her sister-in-law, Gertrude Gascoyne, all about the play.

Her husband returns and clasps to his heart the beloved wife, whom he never expected to see again. She, quite unaware of the reason for this emotion, nevertheless understands that something has happened as an outcome of her deceits.

Getting her husband away from the others she cleverly finds out her supposed escape and tells him that she has been saved owing to a mistake in her theatre tickets, which has compelled Deverill, a Mrs. La Grange, and herself to spend the evening at a music-hall.

A few minutes afterwards Deverill and Mrs. La Grange arrive, and she manages to warn them of the true situation. Deverill also succeeds in allaying the suspicions of Gertrude.

CHAPTER VI.

The Laughing Hyacina.

It was very nearly one o'clock in the morning when Mrs. La Grange left Koyle House. The Judge himself came out with her to the motor-car. Though he had always regretted that the volatile lady had been chosen by his wife as her most intimate friend, he felt most kindly to everybody that night, including Mrs. La Grange.

He noticed casually as he crossed the pavement that two men were approaching, and that they paused. As he looked back, he saw Mrs. La Grange under the electric light he saw that her lips were pressed tightly together, and that she swept her eyes contemptuously downward.

"Home," she said shortly, and the chauffeur touched the lever, and the car went on. The Judge did not look up to see whom his departed guest had cut so scornfully. His mind was already on a legal case awaiting his consideration.

"Sir Alanson," cried a voice.

The Judge turned, one foot on his doorstep, and recognised one of the two men as Beaton Skerrett, private secretary to the famous financier, Mr. Brasser.

"Lady Gascoyne?"

"She didn't go, thank you, Mr. Skerrett," said the Judge in a kindly voice; "when she got there she found some mistake had been made about the tickets. She went elsewhere. It was a narrow escape. We are very thankful—all of us."

"I am so glad to hear it, sir," rejoined Skerrett; "I heard Lady Gascoyne say she was again. It happened to be passing accidentally. By the way, I think I ought to tell you, Sir Alanson, I didn't realise to-night I wasn't told where I was expected to dine. Mr. Mordaunt—"

"Do not think of it again," interrupted the Judge hastily. "Mr. Mordaunt has been an old family friend, and we make great allowances for him. Good-night, Mr. Skerrett, and thank you for your inquiries."

Then the door closed on always courteous Judge Gascoyne.

Skerrett turned eagerly to his companion.

"You must get me the money, Somerton," he pleaded in an anxious voice; "Elton will part, if you advise it."

Somerton did not appear even to have heard the words of his companion.

"Did you see the badge of the Somertons?" he burst out suddenly, with a sneer on his face.

"Then she is?"

"My sister, yes—the charming Mrs. La Grange. I've not even seen her for years, and yet it was by accident, as to-night. Affectionate sister, that she sent me a loving letter once. She offered me two hundred a year. Kind, wasn't it?"

"It seems so."

"There was a 'P.S.' though—a sisterly 'P.S.'—I was to go to the Colonies and never come back. There's much in a woman's postscript, isn't there?"

"In that one, yes," said the absent-minded answer.

"I answered that if she objected to being on the same continent as myself, the simplest thing was for her to emigrate. I have not even had a Christmas card since."

The cynicism of this was only half apparent to the listener. Even the thought of the money which he needed so desperately. He felt compelled, as thousands of would-be borrowers

feel compelled under similar circumstances every day, to pretend an interest in what the other said; but all the time there was surging through his mind this question—"Will he let me have it?"

"I noticed that she did not speak to you," he made the banal comment mechanically. He was expected to say something, he felt.

"She is not an exception," resumed Somerton, with studied affectation of indifference; "she and all her set, and all my old set, look the other way when they see me coming—unless, that is, they want money and think I can get it for them. They're all like you, Skerrett. They'll walk along the streets with me quick enough after midnight if they're in a hole and want to get at Elton's bank account."

Skerrett began a feeble protest, but he was cut short by a contemptuous exclamation.

"Don't be an ass," cried Somerton. "You come to my rooms at midnight with the face of a mute at a funeral. You find some people there. You pretend that you enjoy sitting down and having a chat over a whisky and soda. Why, man, you might just as well have had a sign across your forehead saying that you were on the way to the gallows, but that ten minutes alone with me might possibly get you a reprieve."

"I couldn't help it—I am in a hole."

"You always are. You drag me out at the first chance. You lead me round this deserted old square. Now you pay for it. The respectable old boy's doors are barrel against you from now on."

"Barred—why?"

"You are dense. My affectionate sister is intimate there. She has seen you with me, that will be enough. You saw how fondly she looked at me. She—"

"Oh, drop it," implored Skerrett. "I dined there to-night by a fluke. I shall never be asked there again, so I don't care. I must have money, Somerton."

"Oh, la, la," said Somerton, humming a bar of "Hiawatha." "I seem to have heard that tune somewhere—breaking off suddenly. 'We'll talk about the money later. I don't think there's a ghost of a chance to drag another penny from the old man, but we'll see. Gascoyne—Judge of the High Court, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered the miserable Skerrett, in a hollow voice.

"Hum! I have no reason to love Judges, as you well know."

Skerrett made no answer. His study of the book of etiquette, if he had ever made such a study, supplied no rule of conduct for a case like this. He could not pretend ignorance, for all the world knew; nor could he say to one through whom he hoped to secure a loan, "Yes, old chap, I know that you did eighteen months with hard labour for having done a brother officer out of some thousands."

"Fine-looking man, Gascoyne," resumed Somerton, after a pause; "has a charming wife, they say. She's been running about for a long time with Mrs. La Grange. You met my sister at dinner, I suppose? Did you find her amusing? Most people do, I'm told."

"No," said Skerrett. "La Grange was not there. I heard Lady Gascoyne say that she was expecting to meet her later at 'La Veine.' That's why I spoke to Sir Alanson. His wife and a Mr. Deverill went off to the appointment."

"Deverill—Dick Deverill?"

"Yes, why do you know him?"

"No," said Skerrett. "I answered Somerton. 'I came face to face with him to-night—hadn't seen him for years. He recognised me.'"

"He seems a pleasant chap," said Skerrett mechanically; "a connection of Brasser."

"Oh, yes, a pleasant chap," repeated Somerton bitterly; "I had the same agreeable greeting from him that you saw my esteemed sister give me."

Skerrett's preoccupation with his own desperate affairs could not quite preclude his recognising in a vague, dim way, the utter isolation, the bitter loneliness of this handsome man who walked by his side—this man whom all the world sent to Coventry.

"What does she look like?" asked Somerton suddenly.

"Why?"

"Lady Gascoyne, of course."

"Somerton," pleaded Skerrett, "for God's sake drop this nonsense. Let us talk of my affairs."

"My dear boy," was the answer, "these are your affairs. We'll come to the money question pretty soon. Come in."

Skerrett led the way into his beautifully-furnished sitting-room and cast an eye upon the table. Decanters, beautifully cut, bottles of wine in silver stands, a little silver pal filled with ice, exquisite glasses—all were there.

"Some pate de foie gras sandwiches," he said to his man, "and then you may go."

The sandwiches were brought in so promptly that even the preoccupied Skerrett was moved to remark that Brasser himself, with all his money, could not get such service.

"Fear does it," remarked the host quietly, as he heard the outer door close behind his servant. "Brasser laughs a great deal, they tell me—a fatal mistake."

"It's only on his lips," was his private secretary's mournful answer. "He's as hard as—"

"Say as I am—you meant it. I never mind frankness. Then that expansive smile, that laugh that startles the Bourse in Paris and Berlin, that makes the New York Exchange sit up—a pose, eh?"

"No," answered Skerrett, "natural. He feels like laughing when he does the most cold-blooded things. I don't say it amuses him to cut a throat. He does it in the way of business, as an incident. All the while he is thinking of something funny—and he laughs. That's what's made the kind, the amusing, the jovial, the trustworthy Brasser."

"Brasser's taken a new idea," continued Skerrett, "he's closing up things."

"Ah, ah," said Somerton, fixing his eye keenly on the young man, "there's going to be a general balance of the books?"

The private secretary's round, baby-like face flushed crimson.

"And you have got to have money," continued the tormentor, speaking slowly, and with a clear-cut meaning which could not be mistaken. In the very instant, however, in which it was perfectly understood between the two that the private secretary was short in his accounts the surprising Mr. Somerton dropped the subject with an apparent indifference.

"Was Lady Gascoyne nine feet high?" he asked.

"Don't be astonished; take a whisky." Skerrett poured it out with a trembling hand, and choked and spluttered as he drank it off neat. In his embarrassment he had forgotten the soda.

"Better like that, perhaps," said Somerton.

"I'll help your memory. You are six feet two, I should say. When you shook hands with Lady Gascoyne, how far down did you look?"

"Lady Gascoyne—both Lady Gascoyne. She was below medium height."

"Ah, you do remember, you see. Black, jealous eyes, of course?"

Skerrett thought for an instant.

"No," he said slowly; "they were grey or blue. She looked up at me; she had very long lashes, I remember noticing them now."

"It's astonishing," said Somerton, "what one can remember when one tries. We are getting on. High-pitched, noisy voice, is that it?"

"Just the opposite—low, soft, but very clear. I remember when she spoke at the table it seemed to go like music through the room."

"Ha, ha, quite poetic," laughed the man who was so persistent in obtaining a description of Lady Gascoyne. "She had no peculiarity, I suppose, in the way she spoke?"

"Yes, she had," answered Skerrett impatiently; "she lisped."

Somerton brought his clenched fist down on the table.

"Ah! It was she," he muttered. Then aloud he asked again for full particulars as to what she said and the way she looked and talked. His questions became so persistent, his manner indicated such a special interest in the movements of Lady Gascoyne, that Skerrett, who had fortified his courage in the meantime with a second whisky, asked for an explanation.

"You described yourself," he said bluntly, "as we came along. You say your hand is against the wall, and you admit you have no scruples. This lady was my hostess of to-night—"

"I like you, dear boy," interrupted Somerton, with a cynical laugh. "I invite frankness. Don't be afraid, it's only idle curiosity about my dear sister's associates. We all like to know about the friends of those who are near and dear to us."

The bitter sarcasm implied in the words was not distinctly reassuring, but the explanation was credible.

"Let me hear about the rest of them," he cried.

"The hostess first, of course; now that we have finished with her, let us do the rest."

His inquiry had no other object than to convince Skerrett that he had no special object, but it led to his hearing of the incident of the orchid, and also of the reference to the onyx marble. This would have conveyed nothing to him had not the young man dwell on it at some length.

"Brasser," said the private secretary, "is simply crazy over onyx marble. It is possible that he might go himself to look into the thing."

"Is there a chance of that?" cried Somerton, with an eagerness in his voice which surprised the private secretary.

"A chance, yes. Why?"

"Now," exclaimed Somerton, "I'm ready to talk business with you. If you can get Brasser to go to South America, my boy, I will make you rich."

The private secretary's only answer to this extraordinary proposition was to sit speechless, staring at the speaker.

"A defect in the law," continued Somerton. "I am the discoverer. We will teach the law a lesson; and Brasser shall pay the tuition fees."

"No prison for me," said the trembling Skerrett.

"Bah, we will offer him half his fortune, when he comes back, not to prosecute. By Jove, Deverill shall act for us; Richard Deverill, Esquire, his cousin, who cut me to-night. You have shown me shall be thousands of miles away, and Deverill shall conduct our negotiations. By Jove, how the lawyers will stare; how quick Parliament will change the law."

"But—but—"

"No buts! fill up your glass. Here's a prosperous journey to the Laughing Hyacina—good name for Brasser, heigh?"

And the private secretary joined in the toast.

(To be continued.)



Dimensions.—Width of Seat, 21 ins.; Depth of Seat, 20 ins. Height of back from Seat, 25 ins.

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PICTURE VELVET HATS FOR NOVEMBER—BEAUTY IN WINTER.

SMART MILLINERY

FUCHSIA RED A BRILLIANT CHOICE

Shaded panne, one of the novelties of this autumn in the hat shops, is a very becoming form of velvet, delicately soft, and therefore eminently becoming. Marvellously brilliant colorings may be presented in it without any suggestion of crudity, for which reason bright purple, heraldic green, and a very full, rich blue are used.

"Emotional" Schemes.

We are to have a season of emotional millinery. A hat may be laden with plumes or jewels or laces, and may be perched at an angle that best suits its wearer. Nor is it necessary that the hat should in any way match the costume worn; in fact, it is now more fashionable that the two should present a contrast.

Every single type of face can find its proper shape of headgear now. The thin-faced woman who is not become by the big picture hat cordially welcome the very fashionable mushroom shape with its wide, low crown and flexible brim. A very pretty design of this pattern has a crown of thistle blue velvet, with a handsome Alsatian bow in front, caught together by means of a buckle of blue crystal and gun metal. Then, too, the torpedo shape is her good friend, made elegantly, as you will see it in one of the pictures on this page, with softened contours and very handsomely plumed.

Felt hats are very fashionable, and the handsomest are the champagne and white ones with

flower decorations. Plumes, too, are greatly in favour, and especially for the fashionable Cavalier hat. One seen recently was of plum-coloured velvet, with a crown four inches high and a wide, gauged brim, bordered with a plain, scalloped band of velvet. A reddish purple ostrich plume started at the top of the crown, swept down the side, and disappeared through the brim to emerge again and fall over the hair at one side. As the winter advances fur and velvet will appear in company, and nothing will look more sumptuous.

Brown, more than any other colour, is seen in the large Cavalier hats, but the new rich autumn greens, that sometimes shade down to brown or up to tea-rose, are also used. Black is less popular than in former years, but is always moderately in request.

THE TOILET TABLE.

NO COSTLY METHODS RECOMMENDED HERE.

The moment has arrived for special care to be given to the hands, in case they chap as a result of cold weather, and the unsatisfactory drying of them after they have been washed. Simple as it

most injurious to the average skin, as it will roughen it and make it harsh. Many women find a good sprinkling of fine oatmeal excellent as a water-softerner.

The complexion is apt to get rough in the water, a disadvantage a little soothing cream rubbed into the skin at night will obviate. The following preparation is a most beneficial one:—Take one ounce of white wax, one of spermaceti, two ounces of lanoline, four ounces of sweet almond oil, two ounces of coconut oil, three drops of simple tincture of benzoin, and two ounces of orange flower-

the shoes: One ounce of salicylic acid, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of boracic acid, and two ounces of starch.

Recollect that in the winter the hair requires a good shampoo much more often than it does in the summer, in order that it may be kept perfectly clean. Wash it once a month or, at any rate, once in six weeks, and use brushes that are frequently cleaned. Four should be kept in use, so that when two have gone to be washed the other pair may be at hand. A very nice preparation for the hair which will check the excessive fall that generally

A torpedo-shaped toque, more suitable for an older woman than the hat depicted below. It is made of dove grey panne overlaid with green and purple velvet grapes and trimmed with a grey feather tipped with mauve.



WELL TOLD.

Doctor Explains Feeding Without Medicine.

"It is a well substantiated fact," says a Maine physician, "that a very large percentage of the ailments of humanity are due to errors in diet, causing indigestion and the myriad affections following in its train. It was Dr. Abernethy, I believe, who said, 'One-fourth of what we eat keeps us, the other three-fourths we keep at our peric.'"

"Loss of flesh from whatever immediate cause is due primarily to nutritional disturbances involving defective assimilation. With these preliminary remarks I wish to relate briefly a case of mine (not the only one by any means), in which Grape-Nuts was the connecting link between disease and health.

"It was a case of chronic gastritis, where the patient had seen the rounds of much stereotyped treatment, and where there was much depression caused by long persistence of distress at the stomach—pain, gas, and burning soon after eating.

"Though I had been regulating the diet considerably while giving medicine, it occurred to me that I would try regulating it without medicine, and in looking about among the food I soon found Grape-Nuts was the best adapted to my purpose. Starting in with Grape-Nuts alone, I allowed my patient to take it first with hot water and a very little sugar at intervals of three hours. After a few days I instructed the patient to use it with warm milk. (It should have been served with cream on the start.)

"Improvement was marked from the first. The eructations of gas were at once greatly diminished, and the terrible burning and distress were lessened in proportion while the spirits brightened. At the end of two weeks my patient had so far improved that she was allowed some chicken broth, which digested perfectly. It has been over two months, and she has gradually increased her diet in variety until it now includes all that is needed to avoid monotony and maintain relish.

"Grape-Nuts, however, still holds a prominent place on her table, as it will continue to do, for she realizes that it is a sheet-anchor." Name of the physician given by Grape-Nuts Company, 66, Shoe-lane, E.C.

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A most becoming picture model for a girl, with a brim of fuchsia panne and a crown showing the same colour in many shades. The feather matches and starts from a boss of black pearls.

may appear, this is the true cause in many instances of ugly hands—they are thoroughly washed, but carelessly dried; and very often washed in hot water, so that they are left doubly sensitive to the effects of the cold air afterwards.

An Emollient for the Hands.

Girls whose hands are very tender should keep on their dressing-tables a nice jelly, which they should rub into the hands after they have been washed and dried. The chemists put up in tubes many delightful emollients for the hands, a little of which may be squeezed upon them and rubbed in, as has been said, after the process of washing and drying has been completed.

For those who prefer to make their own, the following prescription will be found satisfactory:—Take one ounce of myrrh, four ounces of honey, two ounces of yellow wax, and six ounces of rose-water. Mix the whole in one blended mass, for use, melting the wax, rose-water and honey together in a dish over boiling water, and adding the myrrh while it is all hot. This should be rubbed thickly over the skin, especially before going to bed.

When the washing water is hard the following preparation is a very good one to use for softening it:—Take one pound of borax, one pound of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and one pound of soda. Mix these ingredients together, and keep the result in a jar, using one cup of the mixture for the ordinary bath and a little for the basin. Hard water is

water. Melt the first five ingredients together, take the mixture from the fire, and heat it until it is nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and lastly the orange flower-water.

The feet do not suffer so much in winter as the hands, but tired and aching ones may be relieved by being bathed in warm water and then being massaged for a few minutes. They should, of course, be rubbed towards the toes. In applying powder to ease the feet always see that it does not cause irritation by rubbing between the toes. If the feet are swollen the following preparation is often most beneficial. It is made from six ounces of alcohol, one ounce of tannic acid, half an ounce of alum, and two ounces of witch hazel. Bandages soaked with this mixture may be applied with the very best results, and should be allowed to remain on overnight.

Advice for the Feet.

Sufferers from feet that perspire too freely are advised not to wear heavy stockings in the winter, for fine woollen ones will suit their purpose much better. Should they wear shoes outside instead of boots, and shoes as a rule are very comfortable for sufferers from tender feet, spurs or swollen over-alls may be bought which will look perfectly neat and absolutely smart, and will not heat the feet in any way. Should the feet still be prone to perspire they should be bathed at night in warm water to which a little formalin has been added. The following dusting powder should be used for

takes place in the autumn, is made of one ounce of tincture of cantharides, one drachm of liquid ammonia, half an ounce of glycerine, half a drachm of oil of thyme, and half a drachm of rosemary oil. Mix all together with six ounces of rose-water, and massage the head thoroughly with the preparation.

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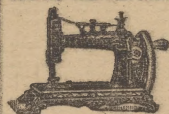
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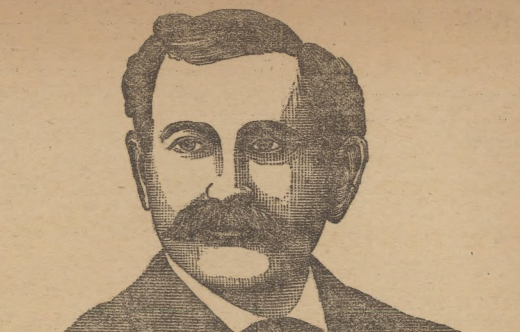
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Use it—Test it. The result will surprise you.

The truth of my assertion that the
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amply verified by the thousands of com-
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receiving.

As you can see by the few reproduced
below, these letters are not from
"Society" men and women, but from
plain ordinary people, who are grateful
for the benefit they have derived from the
use of my preparation.

The **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair
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effects a truly astonishing result.
After having been bald for ten, twelve,
fifteen, and even twenty years, people of
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If you are bald and have tried all the
largely advertised so-called "Hair
restorers" without deriving any benefit,
you are the very person whom I want to
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Hair Grower**, for the failures you have
previously experienced will serve to em-
phasize the merits of my preparation when
you find the hair appearing after just a
few applications.

My compound is quite different to
anything else. It is not a liquid, but is
in pomade form, and is very easy and
pleasant to apply. All you have to do
is to rub a little on the bald part—rub it
gently but thoroughly, and in a very little
while you will observe the new hair
growing. Think what it means to you—
think what a difference it will make to
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The **John Craven-Burleigh True
Hair Grower** is not only for the bald.
If you have hair and it is weak, it will
make it strong; if it is thin it will make
it thick; if it is falling out, it will cure it.

Do not delay writing to me for, "to-
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a sample of my true hair grower abso-
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Free Consultations to callers.

TESTIMONIALS.

BALD FOR TWELVE YEARS.

A Well-known Editor Writes:
"Dear Sir,—You may be interested in knowing that I
have had a bald patch for the last twelve years and never
imagined that hair would again grow on it. Last week,
however, your advertisement appeared in my magazine,
and instantly prompted me to write you for a small
sample tin of your preparation. Although quite sceptical,
I used it for a few days, and before the tin was half empty
what was my surprise at finding a growth of hair almost
covering the twelve-year-old bald patch. Now, I want
you to let me have a few more tins of the treatment to ensure
a successful result. I am, of course, (or same, and com-
mendable) you on having introduced a hair grower which
genuinely is a hair grower. Yours faithfully,

(Name and address on application.)

BEST HE EVER USED.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh, I am very pleased indeed
with your hair grower, and only wish that I could have
had some of it years ago. I can safely say that your
preparation has done more than any other I have ever
used. I shall not forget to recommend your pomade to
my friends. GEORGE NEWTON.

HAIR GAINED AFTER 12 YEARS.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh, I have forwarded me three
boxes of your preparation. I am pleased with the effects
of the last box that I had. After having lost my hair
between twelve and fifteen years, I find, through using
your preparation, that new hairs are beginning to show
themselves, and the growth is proceeding most en-
couragingly.

QUITE LONG AND THICK.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh, Two years ago the hair
came out of the back of my head, leaving a place the size of
a six-shilling piece. I used two other hair-growing
preparations for some months without the least benefit.
Six months ago I saw your advertisement, I decided to
try a sample which you so kindly sent me. After using as
directed for four nights, I added my wife to use it there
was any hair coming in the bare place, and to my surprise
she said, "Yes, I can see more than a dozen hairs
sprouting up." I finished up the box, and in less than a
month the hair was as long and thick as on any other part
of my head. I have told dozens about it, and given your
address, and shall do my best in this way to thank you
for what you have done for me. You can show this to
anybody, or send them to me, and I will prove to them
that yours is the true hair grower. C. S. GIBSON.

A MOUSTACHE PRODUCER.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh, I did not want that hair
restorer for my head, but for my upper lip. I may say it
has made a wonderful difference. It has grown splendid
since I used it. Of course, I do not need any more yet,
as I have not used all the other. CHARLES BRAY.

NEW HAIR AT 55.

Mr. John Craven-Burleigh, For many years the hair
on my head had been falling out, and I had used a large
number of so-called restorers in vain, including nearly a dozen
bottles of one widely advertised hair grower, but it had
had no effect. Having heard of the great cure effected
by the **John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower**, I decided to
give yours a trial. The results made me very happy.
The growth was steady and rapid. I have a pleasure in
enclosing my photograph, which has just been taken at
the age of 55 years, and which you may use if you wish.
I certainly advise all persons needing a true hair grower
to use yours. It will surely be the true hair grower.
JOHN V. COEVOORDEN.

Mr. JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,

27a, Craven House, Opposite British Museum, London

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